Retrouvaille

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by JSinister32

Summary

"If I saw you every day forever, Will. I would remember this time."

Will's eyes mimicked Hannibal's own hungry gaze, taking in every inch of the doctor's skin like a man stumbling upon an oasis after being relegated to a desert wasteland for years. Every scratch, every ache, every bit of broken flesh and worry seemed lessened in the wake of the perfect, steady gaze that burrowed into his very soul. He wet his lips and opened his mouth, giving his heart a chance to take the reins before his mind got in the way.

"It's strange seeing you here in front of me," he murmured, a low chuckle escaping the confines of his throat. "I've been staring at after images of you in places you haven't been in years."

My version of a fix-it for how this moment in time should have gone. Hannibal and Will find forgiveness in one another in Florence.

Notes

I am letting the last chapter of Gods and Earthly Devils marinate before it's edited, so instead, you guys get another story from the same moment in time. This story used to live in the collection Moments, but has been removed and improved into something worth reading.
I hope it sates your voracious appetites, darlings. The last chapter for the other will be edited and posted tomorrow.

Hearts and Body Parts,
JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

Retrouvaille: (n.) French
The joy of meeting or finding someone
Again after a long separation;
Rediscovery.

Hannibal paused in his sketch, his keen sense of smell picking up the strong scent of aftershave and the clean, pungent aroma of hotel soap before Will managed to take a seat. Not daring to hope, he glanced over to find warm, beautiful cerulean eyes staring with amusement into his own. A small, cynical smile played at the very corners of the profiler's lips; the very sight of it made Hannibal's insides ache. *All of this time, and the vision of you still manages to stop my heart in my chest. I could live in this single moment; exist here forever. I would happily do so as long as you are at my side.*

The words poured from his dry, cracked lips before he had the good sense to filter them.

"If I saw you every day forever, Will. I would remember this time."

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"It's strange seeing you here in front of me," he murmured, a low chuckle escaping the confines of his throat. "I've been staring at after images of you in places you haven't been in years."

Will glanced at the painting before them, awestruck at the brutal beauty of the brush strokes. *Here it is. The grand design of Il Mostro's work, shining like a beacon to call home its monster so he can worship it in sketches of his own.*

The words hurt Will's throat, burned down into the very being of who he still remained. The fractured pieces of his soul warred for dominance as he studied the painting. He wanted to yell; to cry, or scream into the abyss. He wanted to take the man in front of him and throttle him within an inch of his life. *Do you, though?* His darker half, the part of him that drew him to this place crooned softly in his ear, begging questions he couldn't answer. *Is that really what you wish?*

What remained of the man who lectured for Quantico wanted nothing more. The other half, the part of him that remade Randall Tier into the predator he truly wished to be, laughed; the sound was rich and dark as blood, swirling through his mind as he fought to keep himself under control. *That* part of him wanted to tear at Hannibal's clothes and claim him; feel their skin press together so he could absorb the all consuming heat of the doctor's very essence. The darkness within him stretched and preened. *You are here now because you should have left when he offered you his hand the first time, and you know it.*

The thoughts whirled through his mind, twisting and turning as he regarded the man beside him. Hannibal gifted him with a small but real smile; Will tried not to tremble, even as his heart basked in its warmth.

"To market, to market to buy a fat pig," the doctor remarked with a laugh. "Home again, home again jiggity jig."

Will's eyes lit up at the inane rhyme Hannibal recited from memory. The doctor's brain and mouth no longer seemed to connect, but the need to witness Will's happiness was so deeply profound, he let his words pour forth without a filter to guide them. Will licked his lips before replying; it took all of Hannibal's considerable willpower to keep from pressing his mouth to the same point of contact in hopes of pulling the sweet taste of the other man's very essence. *I need you,* his own heart seemed to pulse. *I want you. I long for you in ways I have yet to fully comprehend.*

"I wanted to understand you before I laid eyes on you again. I needed it to be… clear. What I was seeing."

Hannibal's heart beat roughly inside his chest, as if it were fighting to escape the prison of his ribcage. *After all this time, perhaps we can now understand one another. You see me. I see you. Let it be the path onward from here.*

"Where does the difference between the past and the future come from?"

It took the profiler some time to answer; Hannibal began to wonder if he would respond at all when his voice filled the air of the ancient room in which they sat.

"Mine? Before you and after you."

Will let the admission hang between them; the knowledge that he had been irrevocably changed by their encounters burned through them both. *Did you know then? Did you know that I would grow to love you, need you? If you did, would anything have changed?*

"Yours?" he continued. "It's all starting to blur. Mischa. Abigail. Chiyoh."

Hannibal's face brightened at the mention of his childhood companion. Will tried to calm the rioting butterflies in his stomach at the fond nostalgia etched into the other man's handsome features. *Why do you have to be so damn attractive?*

"How is Chiyoh?" Will laughed without any real humor.

"She pushed me off a train." *Of course she did.* Hannibal couldn't resist the biting retort; a taste of bitter to balance the sweetness of their reunion.

"Atta girl," he chuffed.

Hannibal smiled fondly at his memories of Chiyoh, the girl who had come into his tender mercies at so young an age. She allowed herself to be tasked with keeping the last of Mischa's murderers captive; a self-imposed penance for being unable to save the girl from her torments. He wondered vaguely what she thought of Will. *If she pushed him from the*

train, she would have considered him a threat. She has always had a much keener eye for danger.

"You and I have begun to blur," Will remarked. His voice began to break; at last, they were coming to the crux of things.

"Isn't that how you found me?" Hannibal countered. *Please. Of all the people in this entire wretched world of meat and catastrophe… we could understand one another, if you would but allow it.*

The quiet hope in Hannibal's eyes made Will's heart squeeze tightly in his chest. *I found you because I have your scent. I know who you are and what you're capable of. I know what it's like to be alone with you, and to be lonely beside you. To be too afraid to ask for what I want in you. We are alike you and I. Alone because we are unique.*

Will thought of the knife in his pocket; cool, slick metal that would slide through flesh like butter.

"Every crime of yours feels like one I'm guilty of," he finally replied. "Not just Abigail's murder; every murder. Stretching backward and forward in time."

"Freeing yourself from me and me freeing myself from you. They're the same." The profound insight in Hannibal's response shook him to his very core. Will's gaze cooled and sharpened; this meeting wasn't only about forgiveness, but if they chose it, it could be. The doctor longed for the warmth of familiarity to once again fill the profiler's eyes, almost as much as he longed to press his lips to Will's mouth.

"We're conjoined. I'm curious whether either of us can survive separation." Hannibal shrugged delicately; the gesture meant everything and nothing at all.

"Now is the hardest test: Not letting rage and frustration… nor forgiveness keep you from thinking."

Will watched Hannibal's face, drinking in the doctor's features as readily as Hannibal's gaze roamed longingly over him. Their desire was palpable; a burst of ozone crackling between them before the storm descended.

I never again wish to be separated from you. Can you see the hole your absence left within me? Is it etched into my skin, branded on my soul the way it feels it is?

Will's hand lowered, and tightened around the blade in his pocket. *Forgiveness between us… or bloodshed. It must be one or the other. One way or another, we have to break what is left of the wall that separates us.*

Before he could change his mind, the profiler mustered up what remained of his courage and leaned forward, letting his eyes shutter closed as he brought their lips together in a gentle kiss. The sound Hannibal made seared itself into his bones; he wouldn't forget it as long as he lived.

The sound of hope ascending. Let there be happiness. Just for a little while.

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A soft breeze ruffled the curtains, tossing them about the room like gossamer ghosts. Hannibal lifted his head, a little dizzy from the long sleep that took them both after their they exhausted one other with the ferocity of their amorous attentions. The kiss in Uffizi had taken him completely by surprise. He expected a reckoning, and instead had been devoured in a much more satisfying manner; one they might both survive.

The doctor gazed around blearily, reacquainting himself with his surroundings. Although they were the rooms he'd lived in for months, Will made everything around him feel new, and fragile.

Will.

Hannibal stared down at the man in his arms, marveling in everything they had become in the few short hours since Will had taken a seat on the bench beside him. They'd barely managed to make it back to Hannibal's home, unable and unwilling to keep their mouths from finding one another on the long walk back. The knife with which Hannibal had found his mind preoccupied had been produced upon their arrival; instead of being used to carve rivulets of red into his flesh, Will had used it to shear the buttons from his shirt, delighting in the hiss that escaped Hannibal's throat as each hit the floor and rolled away beneath the bed. The shedding of their clothes felt reverently ritualistic; the removal of the cloth that separated them felt very much like stepping from the person suits they both donned to walk amongst the world undetected. For the first time in longer than he could remember, Hannibal felt truly naked. *Free.*

Sex between them was beyond anything Hannibal had ever experienced in his life. As each kiss, each caress landed, he felt himself change; like a moth from the chrysalis, he emerged better and stronger from their intimacy. They fucked until the point of exhaustion, and only then did Will allow him to come. Lightheaded and hoarse, Hannibal professed his love again and again as he emptied himself into the profiler's body, begging him with words in his native tongue to stay with him forever. Will's eyes had been damp with tears; some part of Hannibal knew he understood the meaning behind his professions.

Hate, betrayal, forgiveness and love … they all take their turn within our souls. It is what we allow to take root that matters the most.

Weariness chased his thoughts away like wisps of smoke. He wrapped himself around the man in his arms and let them drift away, breathing in Will's scent as he let it pull him back into unconsciousness.

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Will had been having the perfect dream. In it, Hannibal and Abigail sat by his side in his favorite boat, rods cast into the water as they talked of small, inconsequential things. Abigail's laughter pierced the air around them in a happy burst of sound, filling his heart with more joy than he thought he could ever contain. Even when it began to fade, Will hung onto

the feeling, letting it wash him clean of the resentment to which he had clung on his long journey across the sea.

I couldn't love you now if I didn't hate you first. I couldn't feel this happy without the loss that consumes us both.

As if sensing he had surfaced from sleep, the muscled arm around Will's waist tightened, gathering him close against the man he had wanted for longer than he dared to admit, even in the darkness that cloaked them. *S*oft lips found the sensitive skin on the back of his neck, bringing an unbidden moan up from the depths of his chest. Sleepy, shaking, Will rolled over to claim Hannibal's mouth.

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Darkness still blanketed the skies, but Hannibal felt the moment Will woke; the light jerk and confusion of his surroundings until he recognized the arms around him. The quiet sound of contentment was enough to make his blood pulse thickly in his veins. Will stretched back against him, pressing the pad of his ass to Hannibal's hardening cock. He hid his groan in a kiss to the back of the profiler's neck, rocking into his body with an unconscious roll of his hips. He could feel Will's longing; a low thrum in his body like the pulse of electric wires. Exhausted as they both were, the need to be close won out. Will turned in his arms and reached for his lips. Hannibal was only too happy to oblige.

I will never have enough of you.

Their lips stroked and parted; Hannibal filled his lover's mouth with his tongue, mapping the contours with gentle and insistent thrusts. Will moaned; a high, breathy sound that shivered down Hannibal's spine in a cascade of bright sensation. He felt their erections brush, unsurprised to find the profiler just as hard, just as wanting.

I will give you what you need, darling. I will always give you what you need.

Will felt the brush of hard flesh against his own and groaned into Hannibal's mouth; the doctor captured and swallowed the sound as their kiss deepened. The bed was comfortable and soft beneath them, the covers warm from the animal heat of their skin and laced with the heady scent of Hannibal's aftershave. He could stay there forever, just to breathe in the heady, intoxicating aroma of the doctor's body. *God, I've missed the way you smell. I missed everything about you.*

Will let their erections nest, wrapping his thighs around Hannibal's legs as they kissed. The doctor's mouth tasted of whiskey and the faintest hint of cinnamon; a flavor uniquely Hannibal. The combination was intoxicating. He couldn't get enough. The profiler buried his hands into Hannibal's hair as the doctor's hands ghosted gently up his sides, feeling the skin covered muscle as their tongues flashed together.

He let Hannibal's hands guide him into rocking against him, their hips grinding their erections together as the kisses turned feral. Breathless, panting, Will hooked a leg over Hannibal's calves and tipped him onto his back.

Hannibal gave in to Will's need for control without so much as a word of protest. His large hands splayed across the profiler's lower back to ensure they switched positions, Will's knees now bracketing the doctor's waist . Their mouths met in a soft, passionate kiss as hands sought beneath the sheets that covered them, seeking the sleep hot skin they needed to feel. Hannibal's breath caught when Will's hips rocked down, pressing their erections together, in a wave of delicious friction. Holding onto his lover's hips, Hannibal's tongue stole into his mouth, tasting, relishing in the low groan that escaped Will's throat. The pleasure bloomed between them, ebbing and flowing in like waves lapping against the shores as they found a rhythm together. Will laced their fingers, bringing Hannibal's hands around to where he needed them the most.

"Hold my hips, love," he whispered against the doctor's lips. "I want to ride you."

Hannibal swallowed past the sudden dryness in his throat, and nodded. *Anything. Anything you want.*

Will shivered at the delicious, wet slide of the lubricant as he applied it generously between their bodies, coating them to ease their movements. Hannibal's cock felt like heaven between his palms; hot and heavy with his arousal, and so hard, it made Will tremble just to feel it. He capped the bottle and tossed it amidst the sheets, letting it fall where it may. Staring down into Hannibal's sex soaked pupils, he waited. The doctor nodded, holding Will's gaze safely within his own. *Take what you need from me. It's all for you.*

Will braced his hands on Hannibal's chest, and lifted himself enough to feel the blunt tip of the doctor's shaft kiss the ring of muscle between the globes of his ass. With a deep breath he pushed until Hannibal breached his opening. They hadn't bothered with preparation; the pain was sharply sweet, enough to bring a gasp from the profiler's lips.

It was perfect.

The look of complete adoration in the bloodstained eyes of the man beneath him was enough to make Will's stomach tighten with pleasure. Leaning down, he captured his lover's lips as he took him in, their breathy moans swallowed in the press of their lips.

Hannibal drew in a sharp, tight breath as he felt the heat of Will's body engulf him. The tight warm muscle worked over his straining erection like a slick, velvet hand. He gritted his teeth and fought not to come on the spot. Will held his gaze and shifted his hips, testing the aching stretch of the doctor's heavy cock buried so deeply within. Hannibal's hands fluttered against his sides; for a moment, he let his eyes shutter closed. *God on high you feel exquisite.*

"Hannibal." The quiet command in the voice above him was impossible to resist. The doctor's eyes opened; the sight before him was enough to bring another tight moan to his throat. It took everything in him to swallow it down.

Will braced his hands on the doctor's chest and began to roll his hips. The profiler gazed down at him, dark delight filling his eyes as he found the rhythm they needed. Their hands gripped as Hannibal pulled him down into another heated kiss. Soft moans and half cried pleas filled the air around them; sweat pooled at the base of Will's spine, trickling down as he worked himself for their pleasure.

It took mere minutes for Hannibal's hands to tighten at his waist, urging the profiler's movements to deepen as they chased the orgasm that bore down upon them both. Hannibal's entire body tightened as Will rode his cock, the profiler's name on his lips like a prayer. In mere moments, the bright, shining peak of Hannibal's orgasm hit him, crashing through his body with the force of a bullet train. He barely felt the splash of Will's release against his chest; his lover fisted his cock, fucking himself through the tight ring of his hand as he took the pleasure of Hannibal's orgasm into his body. They rocked in ecstasy and as their pleasure peaked and shattered them apart, letting it erode another brick from the foundation of what they had been before.

In time, thought Hannibal, *those bricks will build the structure of who we will be. We have all the time in the world.* Sated, spent, he pulled Will down into the covers beside him, and kissed what remained of his breath from his lungs.

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"I was planning to kill you, you know." Will spoke from the soft mat of fur against his face, listening to Hannibal's heartbeat thunder in his ear. *Our old intentions must be clear before we can draw the line in the sand between what was and what will be.*

"I know," Hannibal replied softly, carding his hands through the soft riot of Will's curls. "I saw the knife in your pocket at Uffizi, and I knew what it meant. Your choices in application were much more… creative."

Hannibal ran his hand down Will's back, enjoying the play of muscle beneath his skin. "May I ask what changed your mind?" Will snorted, raising his head to claim the doctor's mouth in devastatingly soft kiss.

"Are you sure I've changed my mind?" he replied with a soft grin. Hannibal nodded thoughtfully; Will shivered as the doctor's fingertips caressed the skin along his spine, tracing each bump as if it were precious.

"Yes. In the same way I've changed my mind about eating you." Will's eyes widened as he lifted his head, regarding the calm maroon eyes staring into his own. His heartbeat stayed slow and steady; there was no danger in Hannibal's words.

Not anymore.

Will lowered his head back against Hannibal's sternum, enjoying the animal warmth of his body.

"What changed your mind?" he asked. He could hear the smile in the doctor's reply as easily as if he was looking into his face.

"Your kiss, darling," Hannibal replied as if it were obvious. "What changed yours?" Will grinned, rolling over onto his side so Hannibal could continue rub his back.

"The fact that I realized I'd miss you. I could hardly kill you off, now that I find you interesting."

Hannibal laughed, the sound rumbling low in his chest, sending skittering vibrations down Will's spine. They stayed quiet for long minutes, absorbing one another's presence.

"What are we going to do now, Hannibal?" Hannibal kissed Will's temple and pulled him close, resting his nose in the curls along his hairline.

"That is very much up to you," he murmured. "I can only hope that whatever it is, we do it together. I very nearly didn't survive our first separation. I am not sure I would survive a second." Will's eyes drifted closed, safe within the arms of the man he loved, the feeling too large and fragile to express just yet.

"Together or not at all. And Hannibal?"

"Mm?"

"I really do forgive you." Hannibal smiled against his curls and pulled their bodies closer together.

"We have forgiven each other, Will. The past is crumbling away; the future is unknown. I suggest we use the present as a chance to appreciate how far we've come."

"Mm." Will snuggled down into Hannibal's chest. "Sleep now? I'm afraid you've worn me out." Hannibal tilted Will's face back, and claimed his mouth in one more fleeting kiss before he let them settle together.

"Yes," he whispered. "Sleep now. We will talk more when we wake."

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